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# The Rogue Prince



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## Chapter 1 by Sugar Princess

Once upon a time there lived a rogue prince.

Scarred and bruised by his multiple battles...he'd lost faith in the 'human connection'.

The scars were constant reminders to him, of how brutal and merciless the world could be... so, in the noble act of self preservation he covered himself with a thick mist of dark magic...so alluring was its beauty...so enchanting was it that it made everyone wonder.

The mist that covered him kept him safe, from the world and it's brutality. It could show him the true, hidden meaning of the actions that went on about him...it gave him time to heal and replenish his mana, it gave him time to think and decide his actions and responses and so he lived, with calculated precision, carefully hiding his true self.

So different was he from the rest that they were scared of him..not because of his appearance on the outside, but because they could not understand his words and his responses to them.

They were in awe of the black mist covering him, for the ignorant humans could sense it..but couldn't see it..and that scared them, a lot...

He never went looking for friends....he simply roamed the dark wilderness and whoever he came across, if he found them worthy, he befriended...promising to protect them and stand by them...a promise the chosen, worthy ones were never aware of...a promise he kept contained

deep within himself for you see inside that dark mist, under the dragon skin boots and gloves and the bear skin cloak, under all that he put on himself, there lay a place, a place so warm, that it's very hard to leave. A place whose existence he had never told him

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A place he wanted to believe in because he knew it existed, but still couldn't get himself to believe in it..

A place where his heart lay...from where he made all those promises...

A heart that made his true intentions very noble, however crude his exterior may have been..

Why did he never mentioned his promises or speak out his noble motives out loud? Because he believed in his actions much more than his words..because he knew he'd have to choose his words very very carefully..

By his side, forever keeping him company was his mighty and fearsome looking beast...

Onwards he moved deeper into the dark wilderness along with his beast to keep him company, fearlessly fighting away the horrors of the forest with his sword.

Humans trembled at the mere sight of it but what they didn't know was that the beast was a very playful creature, very friendly..unless provoked.

Many horrible, foul creatures lived in the forest..creatures that he had slayed mercilessly and lessened the burden of the earth.

Although his biggest challenge was to slay the twin monsters..

Faggotrhea and Slackaran and their army of evil looking minions called Dumb fucks.

Legend has it that these twin monsters had gone about corrupting all humans thus creating an entire army of Dumb fucks. Faggotrhea would inflict brutal bites to whoever passed her cave. A magical cave that emitted a bright pink glow that had the ability to attract anyone who passed by it. She infected them with her poison and the bitten victim would then have no memory of this gruesome incident. After a week the victim would slowly start showing signs of being infected. It would all start small. First with a liking for the colour pink and then it would escalate. By the end of the week the victim would be found in a narcissistic, intoxicated state, smoking on the very dangerous drug Bierberus Justinie. Eventually, slow corruption would take place with severe degradation in thinking abilities and finally shrinkage of the brain.

Slackaran on the other hand was the clever one. Fat as an elephant, lazy as a sloth and sly as a fox he would disguise himself and sneak into the human camps, befriend them first and then slowly use his laziness to get them to do his work and then he would start talking and start corrupting their brains. After he was done majority of the humans were his slaves, a part of the

Dumb fuck army.

The rogue prince had slayed many of his enemies but the legend did not dampen his spirits. He walked on his hand on his sword and he was not the least bit of any sight or sound. As he walked deeper into the forest, the only light that remained was the only golden beams of the light remained that played on beautiful trees like water lilies on the branches of the tall, white trees.

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As he walked on, the stars shone and a full moon lit up the inky black murkiness that had enveloped the entire forest...

And that's where he saw...her. She sat there in the moonlight, concentrating on the tip of the stick in her hand, a packet of berries hung in the pouch dangling from her waist.

He walked on until he reached the place where she sat..and there he saw on the ground..a bundle of sticks, intricately arranged..

He looked up at her, their eyes met..she didn't move, but went back to staring at the tip of the stick..he walked on..

Hoping he'd never see her again, a feeling of general animosity towards her having already taken seed inside him.

A few hours later, he heard dumb fuck chatter. His beast pricked it's ears and looked at him, he knew what it was thinking...they were somewhere close...somewhere very close because his now extremely alert senses had picked up the smell of coke and kurkure and the sound of disgustingly fake bubbly laughter....

He turned his head to the right and saw multi coloured fairy lights..and he knew, this was where the dumb fucks had settled for the night.

He had found the dumb fucks and he was going to brutally slay every one of them.

He turned right and walked towards the dumb fuck settlement his beast walking briskly by his side.

Right at the entrance of the dumb fuck settlement he stopped, carefully scanned the scene.

5 dumb fucks were sitting in a circle around one..a few were getting high on Beiberus

Justinie..some were looking at their reflections in the water, the rest indulged in gluttony and flirting.

He took out a small, black object from inside his bear skin cloak pressed its side and threw it right in the middle of the settlement.

It landed with a small thud.

The moment it touched the forest floor, a cool, crisp female voice spoke from it.. she was the enchantress Siri..

Enchantress Siri spoke in her cool, crisp voice..

"Goddamn Fucking Prince!"

Instantly all greedy eyes fell on the black object on the forest floor. One dumb fuck went ahead and picked it up. It was an iPhone instantly a stack of money ran through the dumb fucks. Everyone wanted to see what it was. The prince's eyes were fixed on the dumb fuck faces! In all this frenzied blabbering, no one noticed the rogue prince or his beast enter the camp.

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The beast instantly ran for the lights and tore them out. This caused all the female dumb fucks to scream like banshees causing the male dumb fucks to block their ears with their fingers. Taking advantage of the situation the beast ran towards the crowd of the screaming female dumb fucks and tore them to pieces. The female dumb fucks ran helter skelter, but everyone of them died a brutal death because of their fancy scarves that they always draped around their necks. Beast caught hold of every one of the scarves and dragged the female dumb fucks around and pounced on the others. Most died because of the sudden shock that they got when they realised that their latest hairstyles and make up had just been ruined.

The prince on the other hand drove the hilt of his sword through the chests and foreheads of the male dumb fucks. Most died saying the words "swag", "yolo", "yo dude". The other, bit braver ones circled the prince..

Beast, who had just finished with the female dumb fucks, saw this and ran, growling, towards the circle and crashed into one of the male dumb fucks. Seizing the opportunity the prince quickly kneeled and jabbed the dumb fuck right in front of him in his sensitive's and then kicked the one on his right. Beast quickly tore him into pieces. The prince meanwhile did a back flip and kicked the dumb fuck right behind him and drove his sword right through the chest of the dumb fuck who was on his left. He pulled it out and pointed it at the throat of the shivering dumb fuck who lay on the forest floor and asked in dead, sexily scary voice.. "Where are the monsters?"

The dumb fuck, saw this as his moment of glory and said.."I will never tell you". The prince asked beast to pull out the dumb fuck's phone and then repeated his question this time adding, "I will destroy your prized communication device dumb fuck.."

The dumb fuck pissed his pants and told him he knew nothing about the location of the monsters.

The prince smiled a half smile, a sinister looking gorgeous smirk and said, "Like all your kinsmen..you are useless" and drove his sword through the chest of the dumb fuck.

The prince walked out of the camp with a packet of Electric Mirchi Tadka chips, the only decision he regretted in the morning

He killed the dumb fucks and walked on deeper into the forest, meeting more creatures of the night, some friendly, some not.

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Slowly the tendril vanished into the air and he stood there, looking at all the bones, wondering which war could've led to so much bloodshed there.

A little while later it hit him, he could build himself a fortress to live in, a place that was his, a place that spelt out protection from the world.

A place where he could enjoy his solitude..his beast on the other hand was busy digging holes for hiding bones!

He set camp there for the night. He lit a small fire and finally he slept.

Late into the night when an owl was out preying it saw a glowing pale blue orb with a fire burning brightly inside it at the edge of the forest.

A protection charm had been put all around his tent.

When the early morning sunlight peeped from behind the clouds, the beast stretched its legs and it's tired muscles and joyfully ran towards the tent and walked right in and pawed it's master.

He woke up, beautiful, black eyes, dark and mysterious as the night drank in the early morning beauty of the forest, that hid behind a veil of innocence.

He didn't see the protection charm all around his camp but he did notice that the fire he'd lit last night was still burning. He stared into its blue core for a moment and then shook his head, as if removing a thought from his head and then he looked at the bones that lay scattered all over his land. He had to clear it out.

His ears picked up the sound of running water and so he searched and came across a small stream that vanished into the forest. He walked towards it, his beast snapping at the twittering birds and sniffing at the ground.

He scooped up some of the icy cool water and put it to his lips, since yesterday, this was the first time water was running down his throat.

Beast was jumping around in the water, playing in it, lapping it up.

He smiled at the scene, a small smile.

Next, he set to work clearing out the land and stopping beast from burying bones in the ground. Exhausted, he finally sat down and realised other than that regrettable packet of chips he hadn't had anything else and the constant burn in his backside was a constant reminder of what a

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He got up, asked beast to stand guard and then ventured ahead hoping he'd find food.

He came back disappointed and thought how can life grow within a forest that sacrifices lives every night.

He went and sat down next to beast who looked at him quizzically and then his eyes fell on the strawberries... Right there in the middle of nowhere somehow strawberries had managed to grow and thrive prosperously.

He and beast enjoyed them and later beast did come back with a bird in its mouth, but preferred to not eat a saliva and dirt coated bird.

By sundown he had cleared his land and now all he had to do was build his fortress.

Again, he went back to his tent and lit a fire and saw three family pack of chips, cream and onion flavour and a big chunk of meat and bones. He looked around hoping he'd find the source of the food but he gave up after a few minutes and ate the chips hungrily while beast gnawed at the bone.

Again, he slept, unaware of the protection charm all around his camp site, unaware of the shadow that had been following him since yesterday.

The next day, he woke up earlier than usual, the stars were still visible in the sky that was a shade of faint ink blue and hints of purple....he sat outside his tent and watched the sunrise.

He sat there, just looking at the sun rise. No thoughts rushing through his head. He felt a sort of deep peace settle inside him.

When the sun finally rose, he got up, washed in the stream and ate some strawberries then from his pocket he took out a small figurine, with a yellow head and block like arms and legs, dressed in blue overalls.

He chanted the magic word, LEGO and the tiny man came to life, he then did the same with a few more and these block men set about creating his fortress using grey coloured blocks.

He sat there, watching them for some time and then his thoughts strayed to the chips and meat from last night. He wondered, but could reach to no conclusion...frustrated a bit, he got up and stretched his limbs.

When he came back from his stroll his fortress was ready.

A beautiful, grey stoned building stood on the land that once was covered with bones. Towers

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land. And on the outer most boundary, for protection, barbed wire, charged with electricity ran all around.

Inside the fortress, walls were decorated with game cds and gaming gear. All the rooms had soft white pillows and fluffy bed sheets and comfortable mattresses.

Happy with his home, the prince went on ahead with his task of killing the twin monsters that plagued the forest.

It was night by the time he stepped out of the fortress

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